

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. By carrier, by mail, per month, per year.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES. Omaha-The Bee Building, South Omaha-215 N. Street, Council Bluffs-14 North Main street.

CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

DECEMBER CIRCULATION.

54,211

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of December, 1914, was 54,211.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

January 18

Thought for the Day

Suggested by Helen Root Hampton

The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays; but he must will, he must know, he must pray. In a word, he must possess force, wisdom and faith.—Balzac.

Winter is half over. How about the coal pile?

Official assurance that the state treasury vault is safe will not deter job seekers from chasing the combination.

A smaller loaf at a higher price threatens to fall from the elevated price of wheat. The consumer gets it both ways.

Placards of the "Safety First" league would look more impressive if they carried the endorsement of the Barbers' union.

The supremacy of Kansas in jail population and bughouses is a revelation calling for a more discreet censor of Jayhawker statistics.

The anti-tipping bill has also made its appearance in the Kansas legislature. In this line of legislative reform Nebraska scored first.

At the rate Uncle Sam sends ultimatums to Mexican generals, the world's record of the late sultan, Abdul Hamid, must be crowded off the scoreboard. In both records the efficiency of ultimatums remains at zero.

Above the clash of armies and the wreckage of earthquakes rises the question: "Does shirt-sleeve diplomacy comport with the sartorial dignity of an American minister to the hobbled republic of San Domingo?" In these troublous times a flash of gaiety is a worldly benediction.

Rival statistics of the unemployed in New York range from 220,000 in the World census to 562,700 in the count of the Public Forum of the Church of the Ascension. The smaller number is sufficiently impressive to heap ridicule on the democratic claim that "hard times is a state of mind."

The graybeards of the Douglas County Pioneers' association should have known the attractions of the back seats without having the knowledge hammered in. Of course the women members did not intend to be rude about it, but it is necessary now and then to show mere men where they get off.

It is explained for the Wilson administration that the customs money and taxes collected during the occupation of Vera Cruz is to be held "for whatever government in Mexico is eventually recognized by us." If the pot is big enough, that will keep the Mexican bandits fighting for it till doomsday.

Defenders of the coroner's office in New York justify its continued existence on two grounds: Its ability to draft a jury verdict censuring corporations, and its great age as an institution. As coroner's verdicts have little bearing on subsequent litigation and length of years is a detriment, the sole usefulness of the institution simmers down to the pickings.



Mrs. Michaels has been engaged as soprano of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church, whose choir includes some of the best talent of the city. Its membership now consists of Miss Margie Bouler, organist, Mrs. M. Michaels, soprano; Miss Grace A. Wilbur, alto; Jay Northrup, tenor; Reuel R. France, bass.

There seems to be some difficulty in arranging the prize fight between McNulty and Miller. The parties have met several times, but fail to come to satisfactory terms.

Ben Conkling, a nephew of Judge Hull, and brother of Roscoe Conkling, is visiting friends in this city.

Frank Langheine, manager of the depot eating house, left for his old home in Carlisle, Pa., expecting to return in double harness.

Julius Fester gave the first rehearsal of the Omaha Zither club before a number of specially invited friends.

A Municipal Program. The Bee submits that never before was there more need for the formation and adoption of a comprehensive scheme for utilizing and developing Omaha's resources and providing for its needs. Just now the public is listening to the claims of various elements, each supporting its own pet plan for betterment, and each with some paramount reason to back its particular claims. This is not unusual. The main trouble has been in the past that too many movements have been initiated and too few pushed to conclusion. Efforts at improvement have been either desultory or perfunctory, and have tried to cover too much ground to accomplish much permanent good. The incoming commission should be given a definite program by the citizens, for its guidance, and this program should be insisted upon.

Editing the State Department. The secretary of state at Washington has from time to time met with some difficulty in separating his private and official capacities. He has frequently expressed in official documents sentiments he has an undoubted right to hold individually, but which do not voice the utterance of the people of the United States. For this reason, the senate has appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Bryan, especially dealing with the payment to Colombia of \$25,000,000 for the canal strip, and the language of the message that goes with it.

The obsequiousness of our diplomatic dealings with Colombia clearly transcend the requirements of polite intercourse between nations. The secretary was very likely led into his extravagance of apology through a partisan desire to discredit a former republican president. This is not the only example of ill-advised correspondence emanating from the Department of State during the present administration. When "Pancho" Villa rides on his raids through Mexico, he carries with him a note signed by Mr. Bryan, expressing appreciation for the "restoration of peace" and other "services."

Admiration may be indulged for the efforts of the administration to maintain itself on a democratic footing; but the people have a right to expect more of dignity than has been exhibited in our relations with the smaller countries of the world. Not because they are small, but because the United States is big, and while it is generous, it is entitled to command respect.

1815 and 1915. A series of epochal events in the history of the year 1815 are remarkable for their resemblance to European history now in the making, and in their unbroken relationship extending through the century with the happenings of today. A comparison of these events with existing conditions in Europe presents instructive coincidences and parallels which fashion a qualified answer to the question, "Does history repeat itself?"

One hundred years ago Europe was warring against the military dictatorship of Napoleon. The greatest battle of that struggle and the climax of the war were staged on the field of Waterloo, a region which has been ravaged by contending armies in the present war. The line-up of the allied nations in 1815 was notably different from that of today. All Europe was arrayed against Napoleon, with honors of valor and victory divided between Britain and Prussia. Today the allies are Great Britain, France, Russia, Serbia and Japan, battling against Germany, Austria and Turkey.

Precisely as the allies of 1815 battled against the domination of French militarism, the allies of today claim that their fight is a fight against the military domination of the Germanic race. The parallel affords tempting material for prophecy and speculation.

The united Germany of today was not even a kindly dream a century ago. Prussia then was the most powerful of the various surrounding principalities and minor kingdoms, each jealous of the other, without a semblance of unity or cohesion. But in that year of big events Otto von Bismarck, the great Prussian statesman, was born. Destiny picked Bismarck to mold and cast the German empire in its present form, with Prussia as the master power in its marvelous development. Thus in a large measure the downfall of Napoleonism at Waterloo freed Europe from the constant menace of military dictatorship and enabled the units of the Teutonic race to build the foundation upon which the superstructure of united Germany was reared. The defeat of the French in 1815 gave Prussia a measure of its fighting power and the second French defeat in 1870-71 completed Bismarck's plans for the German empire.

In yet another significant way the kinship of the two years is in evidence. In March of the former year the treaty of Vienna was signed, by which Italian provinces were ceded to Austria. In the mighty struggle of today the return of these provinces to Italy are generally regarded as the price of Italian neutrality. By the same treaty Belgium was ceded to Holland and wiped off the map as an independent kingdom. Now all the resources of the British empire, military and naval, are exerted for the maintenance of Belgium as a buffer state.

One hundred years ago Poland was granted a new constitution and Cracow declared a free republic. Today Poland and Cracow, stripped of independence and parcelled out between Russia, Austria and Germany, are devastated by the mighty armies of nations responsible for the plunder.

It seems peculiarly fitting that 1815, the year of great wars, great men and shaken thrones, should also have marked the organization of the first peace society in the world.

In the years spanning the life of the American republic there have been twenty-one disastrous earthquakes recorded in Italy, entailing a life loss of 368,000, exclusive of the present calamity. Despite the ever-present danger of earth tremors, thousands of people occupy homes on the sides of precipitous mountains which a very slight shake would tumble down hundreds, if not thousands of feet. Even the periodical belchings of Vesuvius do not scare away the thousands whose homes and gardens cling to its sides.

It is to be hoped no indiscreet admirer of President Wilson will spring on a defenseless people the cup-of-coffee argument as an excuse for repeating the one-term plank of the Baltimore platform.

The Political Caldron

The "city manager" plan of municipal government evidently has friends and advocates in Omaha. You will bear it discussed in various circles, yes, even in the city hall, but it is only fair to say that it is not loudly acclaimed by any of the present commissioners.

Our late defeated candidate for governor, now back on his \$5,000 job as general manager of the water works, R. H. Hoover Howell is agitating it. "I'm convinced after careful study of the plan," says Mr. Howell, "that it is the only system. We'll come to it in Omaha some day, as they have come to it in Dayton and elsewhere. It arises itself out. It is the business way of transacting the city's affairs. Put a man of proved ability and integrity at the head of affairs and let him select his subordinates from the line and you'll get results such as all along have had and never will get under commission or councilman systems. The general manager will feel keenly enough his responsibility for surrounding himself with the proper caliber of men. There need be no worry on that score. It will cut out political favoritism, nepotism and other forms of potential graft and inefficiency."

Some business men take the same view, professing now to see the fallacy of the commission form, per se. In the first place, it is plain to any observer that this commission form has effected little if any change in method, but leaves the matter where it was at first, purely one of personnel.

Even the dull old useless routine procedure in council meetings has been handed down and is still in vogue under the present commission form. Attend one of the commission's meetings and see for yourself. For instance at the regular session, there is your city clerk going through precisely the same tedious and unnecessary routine of reading each document and seven commissioners mumbling their "yaas" or "nays" like a lot of warlocks at their incantations. In other words, you will find many alert gentlemen in the city willing to admit that the commission plan has not worked the wonders promised for it in the city of Omaha and that the time is not remote when something else will be demanded.

Speaking of Bill Ure, our pooh-bah county, city, water district and school district treasurer, reminds one of a lot of quiet talk about that same canny Scot for city commissioner.

Now, let it be understood that the talk is not Ure's, at least it doesn't seem to be. The matter was mentioned to Ure and he instantly choked off the very suggestion.

"I've just been re-elected and entered upon my term of office as city and county treasurer," he said, "and couldn't think of anything else now. It never occurred to me, anyway, to turn my attentions toward the city job."

And Ure undoubtedly meant just what he said. Yet certain gentlemen, astute in politics and keen in business, with a very high regard for Ure, personally and otherwise, are giving him the "once over" as about the right sort of a chap to act as the Moses to lead the city out of what they consider to be the bondage of Egyptian politics.

Here's the point: The theory is that in order to do business against Jim Dahlman and his band of warriors, it is first necessary to find a leader, a pivotal man, strong personally and successful politically, who can poll votes as fast as Jim can. In William G. Ure these good folk seem to think they have such a man. "He has a brain that runs never by leading first, money several times—has gone out and got elected and that against big odds," they argue, "and then, as even his opponents will admit, has made good in the office. Now, why can't he pitch in and lead the race for the city commission?"

Now, once more, it is only fair to Ure to say that this boasting game is not his. The writer put the question to him, "What do you think about this proposition," and Ure daily knocked it off.

But this is the key to the approaching campaign. Those who are out to wrest control of the city hall from the forces now in command, first want a leader. The next thing would be seven other men to go with him. Then the third thing would be another "right" man to act as manager of the campaign.

Now, here is another little tip about this manager: He must not come as the cart before the horse in this race. That is to say, let the ticket—let eight good men and true get out into the limelight and declare themselves as candidates for city commissioners, then let them go and select their manager.

See the point? Simply to avoid some of the fatal pitfalls of three years ago. It will tend, moreover, to avoid the charge—a charge that hurts—of being a boss-named and boss-ridden ticket. Of course, three years ago when the "cittizens" went out to "ret" the Dahlman bunch, they seemed really to search for pitfalls into which they might bury every possible chance of winning.

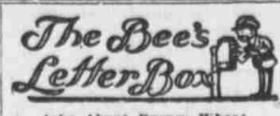
Judge Sutton has been spoken of as a possible "leader" of a new ticket or slate and yet the Judge, himself, is hesitating. What bothers him is whether to resign his judgeship and run or run without resigning, because either might be hazardous. Then another deterrent is, whether he should run and landed, he could be sure of getting the mayorship. The judge at the present writing, doesn't seem to care so much about merely being a commissioner. What he might aspire to be is mayor of Omaha. If anybody can give him the key to the combination that will without fail open to him the lock then, and only then—as the case now stands on the judge's docket—will he consent to run.

L. D. Hopkins, a solicitor for securities, residing way up north in the Twelfth ward, is willing to serve his city as commissioner. He is one of many with such ambitions who is not afraid or ashamed to come right out in the open and "fess up. He frankly admits that he wants to be a commissioner. In fact, he has had the official bee buzzing in his bonnet for some little time. He it was who inspired to Frank Best's job as county commissioner, when a court decision declared "no vacancy" whereupon he was named by Frank Dewey for the nomination of county clerk. He is a genial fellow, of the usual and is out to go the best he can with his present ambitions, though not aspiring to anything like "leadership" of a ticket or slate.

Twice Told Tales

Tit for Tat. On his first vacation trip home after four years in the Philippines, a young army officer was much lionized. He speedily began to tire of it. At a dance, after he had been jerked about this way and that, a young man rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Come on, I want to introduce you to a good-looking girl!" "No, I don't want to meet her." The young man insisted: "Oh, but you must, she's a queen." And he was so persistent that the officer finally in exasperation exclaimed: "All right, trot me up!" They walked a short distance to where the woman was sitting, and the introduction was made, the woman making the conventional remark that he was glad to meet her. Very coolly she looked him over, and then replied: "All right, trot him back!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Out on John. "If women voted there would be no more war," said Mrs. Inez Mitchell Boisevain. "Women would have voted, too, long since, but for the libels circulated about her everywhere." "And yet every one of these libels is easy to disprove—as easy as the slandered wife found it. This wife asked her husband to tell her the details of a new partnership that he had entered into, but he shook his head and said, pompously: "No, Jane, no; it's too important. I must not tell you. It wouldn't do. You women can't keep a secret." "Oh, what a darling of a duck of a sweet hat!" kind of quiet bitterness. "Can't we, dear?" And yet when have I ever told anybody about the night you took \$7 out of Willie's bank, and got tight, and were treated and fined for insulting a chorus girl?"—New York Mail.



Asks About Durum Wheat. HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Jan. 16.—To the Editor of The Bee.—Will you kindly answer in your paper the meaning of durum wheat. I read the wheat market daily and do not understand what durum means. Answer a reader of The Bee. Thanking you an advance.

IGNORANCE. "Macaroni" wheat originally came from Russia, where it is known by the name of "durum," which means hard. It is now generally designated on American markets as durum instead of macaroni. It produces from 40 to 50 percent more than spring wheat, but the market for it has been limited. The present demand is occasioned by conditions in Europe. In the United States it becomes a greater macaroni or spaghetti eating country, the field for durum wheat will be widened.

Label the Donations. COLUMBUS, Neb., Jan. 16.—To the Editor of The Bee: Very nearly every county in Nebraska is contributing food stuffs, clothes, or money to the inhabitants of the devastated country of Belgium. This bread being cast upon the waters will create an increase at the close of the present strife, and Belgians will be coming to America looking for a state in which to locate and live. Men who have lost their property and money by the war and are anxious to provide a living for their families and themselves as desirable citizens. Too, these people save something from their income. Hard working people with bank accounts are good citizens. The state's production depends upon its citizens' capacity for work. Men who have met reverses not of their own making are in most cases the men who rise again and succeed. The Belgians are an industrious, ambitious, hard-working, and money-saving people. Soon they will be coming to America, establishing homes, working hard, developing bank accounts. "Oh, such is the commonwealth of Nebraska." "Nebraska" ought to be written, printed, pasted, sealed and put on every box, parcel, and car sent to the Belgians from each city and county in the state which contributes. The attention of these foreigners should be concentrated on Nebraska—and there is no better way of advertising this state than by having those who receive its contributions know that they came from Nebraska. FRANCIS ECHOLS.

Excepts to Reprinted Articles. OMAHA, Jan. 16.—To the Editor of The Bee: I note that you reproduce an article from the "Boston Transcript," "When United States Imported Arms," which is based entirely upon the following premises, quoting: "That Germany should discontinue the agitation of certain German-American societies, assisted by the Order of Hibernians to secure prohibition of exportation of military supplies from the United States is perfectly natural." Now such comment would be pertinent and important if it were true that Germany had discontinued such agitation; but has it? If you will investigate the origin of that allegation, you will find that there is not only no basis in fact for it, but also that it has been cleverly manufactured for the purpose of counteracting the agitation against exportation of arms, which agitation was started long before the Hitchcock bill was introduced. From this it would appear that the arguments of the Boston Transcript and other papers who are trying to make it appear that the German government has discontinued such agitation or the Ancient Order of United Workmen to stop the export of arms, are but the setting up of a straw man to shoot at in order to deceive, and are in line with many other systematic misrepresentations of facts. As a matter of course the conclusions of the Transcript fall to pieces with the falsity of its premises.

A few weeks ago you reproduced from the "Outlook" an article, "Neutrality and Export of Arms." There can scarcely be another subject on which so much sophistry and equivocation has been uttered as on that. I will call attention only to one argument made in the Outlook article, by which it attempts to bolster up its claim that it is not immoral or unethical to supply arms to foreign nations at war. It says, "Think of our veterans; surely they are not murderers; on the contrary we honor them, and those of our people who supplied our veterans during the civil war with shoes and blankets and guns are deserving of credit. Only those who consider our Grand Army veterans as legalized murderers can say that it is wrong to supply a belligerent nation with munitions of war."

Now who has ever dreamed or expressed a thought that we should not supply our own army with shoes and blankets and guns, as though it was not perfectly obvious that supplying ones own soldiers is not the question at all; and the editor of the Outlook knows it, but wants to confuse the issue. Not until we have an alliance with some foreign power can we make it any more necessary our concern. Or can it be that we are already allied to England? Permit me to say with an apology that your scissors artist is either injudicious or unfortunate in his selections, at least that is the opinion a great many people have expressed in criticism of the two selections referred to. A. L. MEYER.

OMAHA, Jan. 17.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice every time anyone gets a way of making prisoners in any of our penal institutions work for their support someone who imagines that his job is endangered gets "satirical." It isn't much wonder that public officials grow tired of trying. They make an effort in this line and, when it is interesting the mass of the people in whose behalf they make the effort, they make a few good, virulent enemies who never forget. Just why should anyone object to men working in penitentiaries? If there are printers in the Nebraska penitentiary, they were printers before they went there. When the state put them there it took them out of competition with other printers and no printer has a right to complain if the state puts them to work. It is not adding to the number of printers at all. And the same is true, no matter what be the occupation. What the state ought to do is to go ahead with any scheme that will make useful, self-supporting men and women of the prisoners and when they are discharged, if what they earn above their keep has not been already paid to their families, give it to them to make a new start in the world. And what good citizens outside the penitentiary ought to do is to stop this silly rot about competition with the honest laborer, and get behind any sane movement in this direction. No effort for reform in this country will ever succeed until penitentiary officers become courteous enough to disregard such yawns. Maupin ought to have more sense. Everybody who has thought at all knows that our system of treating prisoners in the past couldn't have been worse if we had done it deliberately, with a view to making worse rather than better citizens. We pen a man up, treat him like a brute, support him in idleness for some years, teach him nothing but hate, and then turn him loose with nothing except an indelible brand. Everybody knows that good, hard, interesting work, healthy surroundings and decent treatment will, sometimes, work reform—Maupin knows it just as well as anyone else, but because the governor's suggestion happens to touch his trade he becomes "satirical" and ridicules the whole thing. It would have been just the same if the suggestion had been in the line of competition with carpenters, bricklayers, hod-carriers or barbers. Someone would object. But in what way would any of them be hurt? A carpenter out of the penitentiary, or a barber or bricklayer, would be in competition with the penitentiary? We let him compete in the penitentiary? We haven't created any carpenters or bricklayers or printers or barbers. You haven't hurt anyone and you are trying to help someone. Why not? The state ought never to go into cheap business. It ought always to make a little better brand of goods and charge, if anything, a little more for it. But the state ought not to pay any attention to these gentlemen who find it funny when anyone suggests a sane, sensible solution of what everyone knows to be a very delicate and troublesome question. Here's to the governor. H. W. MORROW.

Ode to Albert. OMAHA, Jan. 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: In your issue of January 13 I read an account of King Albert of Belgium and his staff digging trenches which action has caused me to pen the following lines: Of thy plucky deeds, King Albert, We speak with bated breath, Of thy courage and thy staunchness, Of thy disregard for death! I would not pay attention to these gentlemen who find it funny when anyone suggests a sane, sensible solution of what everyone knows to be a very delicate and troublesome question. Here's to the governor. H. W. MORROW.

Here and There. There are all kinds of people in the world, including those who for some reason or other regard perfume as a necessity. Martin Green, 54, of Worcester, Mass., has handed his fortune of \$2,000,000 to trustees to keep it from his sons. Splendid plan for a tearless funeral. The first baby gets a silver mug, a gold ring an ivory rattle and about \$30 worth of fine baby clothes. But the sixth baby is lucky if it gets two napkins and a 16-cent box of corn starch.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES. "Those detectives have just arrested an osteopath as a felon." "That must have been a painful duty." "Why painful?" "Didn't it give them a bone felon on their hands?"—Baltimore American. "Do you have trouble in remembering to write bills?" "A great deal of trouble," admitted the eminent statesman. "You still bring to 'Bills,' I suppose?" "No, sir. The date I can't get off my mind is 'Bills.'"—Washington Star.

Smith—Hello, Jones, old man! I suppose you're going to some rich old uncle of yours? Jones—I don't think we will. Smith—Great Scott, man! Why not? Jones—Because the wife has decided to name it after that rich old aunt of hers.—Judge. "That awfully plain Miss Frye married a railway president, didn't she?" "Yes. He had to get money somewhere (or a dividend)."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Knock—Well, he speaks good English for one thing, and then I heard him sing the whole of the Star Spangled Banner, and no native American can do that.—Chicago News. "Seems to be a diversity of opinion about one thing." "What is that?" "Some old fogies seem to think a trunk stain is more efficacious in reforming a bad boy than a suspended sentence."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mamma, when people are in mourning, do they wear black niggerwaes? "Why, no, of course not." "Well, don't they feel just as bad at night as the black niggerwaes?"—Judge.

JANE JONES. Ben King. Jane Jones keeps a whispering to me all the time. An' says: "Why don't you make it a rule to study your lessons, 'nd work hard 'nd learn." And never be absent from school? Remember the story of Elihu Burritt, How he clumb to the top; Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had Down in the blacksmith shop. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course, what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a kite an' the lightning an' key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see. Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Maybe he did—I dunno; 'Course what's a-accepting me 'way from the top, Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop. She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full of ambition and brains. An' studied philosophy all is hult life—An' see what he got for his pains. He brocht electricity out of the sky With a